

Additional Dream

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Additional Dream

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

"How did it end like this?"

George thought to himself.

Notes

Heavily based on JIN's song "Additional Memory" (with Will Stetson's English vocals)

If anyone who is in this work of fanfiction is uncomfortable with being in said fanfiction I will take this down immediately! I am using their real names but their personas (if that makes sense...?)

Anywho-ly, enjoy the fic!

It wasn't supposed to end like this.

How did it end like this?

George thought to himself as he descended towards the concrete ground. Screams from below were muffled as air whizzed past his ears, the only noise he could hear was his rapid heartbeat and wild thoughts. Every emotion fought for dominance. Fear that he was falling to his death. Anger for letting it end this way. Happiness that he'll finally do something for once. But all those emotions mixed into one, stronger feeling.

Regret.

Regret he couldn't tell the one he loved most how he felt; regret he couldn't spend more time in this world; regret he was taking the coward's way out.

Regret that he fell in love with his best friend.

George closed his eyes and an image of Dream appeared, his mask covering his face as always, the wheezy laugh he had grown to love, the little pranks he had done on Sapnap and him. Every memory, every touch, every little glance had sent George above and beyond the moon.

A memory resurfaced to George's mind, it was him and Dream on a call together. Neither boy had anything they really wanted to talk about, so they just talked about anything they could think of. George remembered that he had made a joke and Dream laughed, oh how he would love to hear the dirty-blond man laugh once more, the laugh that sounded like Dream was wheezing his lungs out but still sounded like sweet melodies to George.

George continued to fall, his brown hair tangling and becoming nothing but a mess. He opened his eyes. His pale hands lay limply by his sides, covered in all kinds of cuts and burns from when he had hurt himself. The black hoodie he wore covered dozens more.

A bitter laugh escaped past his lips. How were the fans going to react? How was Sapnap and Dream gonna react? They'd probably think George was so selfish, leaving everyone who depended on him behind. He was so, so very selfish.

George wished to forget the night Dream told him his name. A stormy night, not that George cared, as he wasn't heading out that night. He was sitting down and playing Minecraft with Dream, they weren't recording since they had done so the previous night with Sapnap. They both sat in comfortable silence until Dream said something that had surprised the older man.

"My name is Clay."

Even now as George was falling his heart ached. Clay trusted George so much for so long and this is how he repays him. He really does deserve to die, huh?

The ground was getting closer, terrifyingly closer.

George clutched his hoodie and closed his eyes, tears slipping past no matter how hard he tried to repress them.

The last time he saw Dream was three days ago. They played Minecraft and streamed the whole thing for a couple of hours, before they eventually said goodbye to their followers and ended the stream. Usually they would sit for another hour or so and talk about random nonsense but George had left early, making the excuse he didn't feel well.

Time seemed to slow down as he was so, *so* close to the ground now. He felt so guilty. Brown eyes turned to look at the sky that was oh-so blue.

"I love you."

He whispered as he hit the ground.

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Clay started his morning as usual, waking up and stretching in his apartment, grabbing his phone from the nightstand and heading towards the kitchen to make some eggs and toast. After he ate his breakfast in silence he went back to his room to boot up his computer, he logged on and saw he had a Discord message from Sapnap, it was a news article from the UK.

Clay read over and over, hoping-praying that this was some joke and Sapnap and George were playing a prank on him for all the times he had played a prank on them.

But this was no joke.

He couldn't believe it. He didn't want to believe it. Everything was fine a few days ago! Everything felt fine. So why?...

Clay wiped his tears on his sleeves and held his head. How the fuck could he let this happen? He was supposed to be there for his friends, yet here he was. He felt hollow, empty, like he was missing a piece to his puzzle.

He looked up to his screen and saw the image that was included with the article. It showed George's body covered in blood, his jeans and shoes stained with crimson. The brown fluffy mop of hair on his head was tangled and also covered in blood. His sleeves were rolled up and showed many cuts, some old and some new. Huge burns were also scattered across his flesh. Clay had to close the tab and close his eyes, fighting the urge to vomit.

His friend- one of his best friends- was in pain and he didn't see. Didn't know. He could've helped. He could've saved this end from happening. He could've stopped George. But he was too late.

"I'm sorry..." He mumbled.

"I'm so sorry."

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